

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.  
Copyright, 1900, by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY.



TO NICHOLAS II., CZAR OF RUSSIA.

Dear Nicholas: SECURITY OF LIFE IS PRESUMABLY ONE OF THE THINGS YOU MOST DESIRE. TRY A VACATION IN SIBERIA UNDER YOUR OWN SYSTEM. FOR A POLITICAL EDUCATION THERE IS NOTHING LIKE IT—THAT IS NOTHING IN ANY OTHER COUNTRY.

Yours for health, LIFE.

## HOW MUCH LIFE INSURANCE DO YOU CARRY?

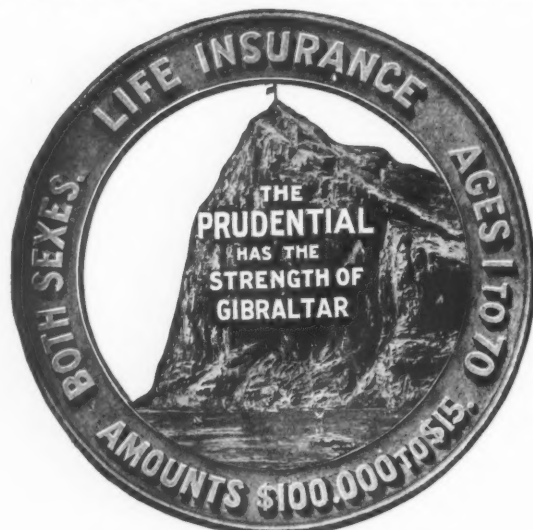
Is it enough to support your family, educate your children and pay any debts you may have?

# The Prudential

Issues a policy providing all these benefits at low cost.

The amount insured will be paid by the company in one sum, or the beneficiary may be provided with

## AN ANNUAL INCOME FOR LIFE



Write for particulars. Address Department O.

**The Prudential Insurance Co. of America**

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President HOME OFFICE: Newark, N. J.



# The Pines of Lory

A NEW STORY BY J. A. MITCHELL

Author of "Amos Judd," "That First Affair," "Gloria Victis,"  
Etc.

DECORATIVE DESIGNS BY A. D. BLASHFIELD  
BOUND IN GREEN AND GOLD. PRICE, \$1.50

"A most original story, full of bright humor and charming sentiment"

**LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY**

19 West Thirty-first St., NEW YORK CITY

# NEW LIFE

CAN BE PUT  
INTO YOUR

CLOTHING CURTAINS BLANKETS  
DRAPERIES PORTIERES RUGS  
DOYLIES CENTER-PIECES SCARFS  
GLOVES REAL LACES FEATHERS

Our glove cleansing is perfection All lengths cleansed at 10c per pair (2c extra for mailing)  
Ostrich Feathers are very high priced We save you dollars by cleansing curling and making  
over your old tips plumes or boas into new ones \* \* \* \* \*



FRENCH CLEANSERS

FANCY DYERS

FINE LAUNDERERS

**Principal Shops 17 Temple Place Boston**

**479 Fifth Avenue New York**

OUR CARTS CALL FOR AND DELIVER

TELEPHONES

BUNDLES BY MAIL OR EXPRESS

Prices Reasonable for the Best Work

Established 1829

Largest in America

PROVIDENCE

BALTIMORE

NEW HAVEN

HARTFORD

NEWPORT

LYNN

WORCESTER

CAMBRIDGE

ROXBURY

WATERTOWN

# LIFE



Copyright, 1901, by Life Publishing Co.

*She:* YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS TO LOVE.

"I DON'T, EH? HAVEN'T I BEEN TO EVERY PLAY, READ EVERY POPULAR NOVEL IN THE LAST SIX MONTHS, GOT INTO DEBT HOPELESSLY, HAD MY APPENDIX REMOVED, AND ALL FOR YOUR SAKE?"

## Change.

WHEN Tillie used to cross my path,  
Afoot, or riding on a wheel,  
Her passing-by an aftermath,  
A breath of violets, would reveal.  
But in her auto, she, to-night,  
So fast that it could not be seen,  
Rushed by me; and though failed my sight,  
I knew she passed—by gasoline.

WORK for a reputation and it will  
work for you.

## Aggressive.

"WE have even organized the  
children for aggressive tem-  
perance work."

"The children! What can they do,  
pray?"

"Oh, we find them very useful in  
getting evidence when we wish to  
prosecute the saloonkeepers for selling  
liquor to minors."

## Difference.

ANGLO-SAXON (*old-fashionedly*):

But what, pray, is the difference  
between "the Koran, tribute or the  
sword," and "the Bible, indemnity or  
benevolent assimilation"?

ANGLO-SAXON (*progressively*): Oh,  
the Koran and the Bible are not in  
the least comparable, as to literary  
style!



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXXVIII. NOV. 14, 1901. No. 993.

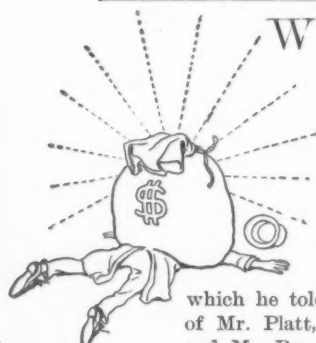
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

The illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted, and are not to be reproduced without special arrangement with the publishers.

Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.



WHATEVER its effect on the election, that was a very interesting outbreak of Justice Jerome in the last week of the late campaign, in which he told of a meeting of Mr. Platt, Mr. Whitney and Mr. Ryan, and averred that they had got together in the interest of a Tammany district attorney. Part of this story he retracted, on assurance brought to him that Mr. Platt was faithful to the party ticket. But he said harsh things of Mr. Whitney, and those, at this writing, he has not recalled.

Mr. Whitney is one of the most interesting figures in contemporary American life, a man who has excited great expectations and accomplished wonders. But the wonders he has accomplished have not been those that were expected of him. He was a notable politician; a man of such force, sagacity and gumption that he seemed fit to be the foremost leader of the Democratic party and a public servant of prodigious usefulness. Commercial enterprises seem to have diverted him from politics, except such politics as are useful in commercial enterprises. He has become very rich. In reorganizing the surface railways in New York he has presumably done a service of great public value, but he has sought and found such a huge

profit in it that the recollection of the value of his labors is dimmed by the more vivid appreciation of the greatness of his reward. As a public man—a statesman—he seems to have suffered from a defect in consecration. Folks credit him with preferring wealth to the public interest.



IT is a great pity that Mr. Whitney's reputation should be clouded by such yarns and impressions as are current about him. It is a public loss that a man of his prominence and capacity should figure as a moral failure. A moral failure that fails is bad enough, but one that succeeds is considerably worse. Is there nothing that can be done to better his fame? If he has the *mens sibi conscia recti*, really it is worth while for him to share it with the wondering multitude of men who would like to be his admirers. It might be some trouble. The morals of high finance, such as he had to do with, are often intricate, perplexing and hard to explain. Conditions often exist which constitute what is practically a state of war, and in war laws proverbially take the back seat. Fighting the devil with fire is not exactly arson, though it may strain the conscience. If Mr. Whitney has been slandered, or misjudged, it is for the public interest to have the current estimate of him amended. Men of his calibre and possibilities are not so common that the public can afford to think any worse of any one of them than demonstrated facts compel. Demonstrated facts in disparagement of Mr. Whitney are scarce, but allegation and innuendo abound, and somehow there is prevalent a regretful conviction that he has missed the great place he might have held in the confidence and respect of the people.

It is a pity. He is a big man. When he goes out for profit, he fetches it in; if he went out for glory and honor, he might fetch those. He has one of the most beautiful houses in the world, and a forest here, and a mountain there, and good samples of all the

things that money can buy, and plenty of money to buy more; and yet when he is assailed, one sighs and is sorry for him because he seems to lack consecration. *Things, things, things!* What good are things compared with consecration? Get some consecration, Mr. Whitney! Go down to Princeton, and sit out a football game with Grover Cleveland, and rub up against him. Maybe some of his will come off on you.



IT would be a great help if folks would only consider subjects under the right heads. Take the Booker-Washington-dinner incident. Discussed under the head of Ethnology, where it belongs, it gains in interest and loses most of its perils. Discussed under the head of Politics, it immediately becomes dangerous, and the interest really proper to it oozes out. The race problems and troubles at the South should always be considered in a scientific spirit. They all belong in the department of Ethnology. For their treatment and cure they need observers, who will watch, study and act, even more than commentators or critics.



THE rod that chastens is apparently still in business, as Tammany Hall and its office-holders have recently learned to their cost. But better than the chastening of Tammany Hall is the knowledge that the City of New York, with its inhabitants and voters drawn from all quarters of the globe and therefore largely without local pride, most of them deeply engaged in making money and many of them dependent upon official corruption for a livelihood, yet possesses one hundred and twenty thousand citizens whose votes can be governed by consideration for the general good. LIFE's hearty congratulations to Messrs. Low, Jerome and their associates. And may they keep the hundred and twenty thousand votes by tempering good government with good sense.



"BUT REPUBLICS, SIR, MUST NOT BE UNGRATEFUL. WE HAVE NO TITLES TO CONFER UPON OUR HEROES. CONGRESS NEVER VOTES THEM FORTUNES. BUT THIS WE MIGHT DO—CONFER BY EXECUTIVE ACT ON EVERY GREAT ACTOR THE BONDED WAREHOUSE PRIVILEGE, CONSTITUTING HIM DURING LIFE A LAWFUL RECEPTACLE FOR UNTAXED LIQUOR. THAT, SIR, WOULD BE PRACTICAL RECOGNITION, SAVING EVERY HERO HALF THE COST OF EVERY DRINK!"

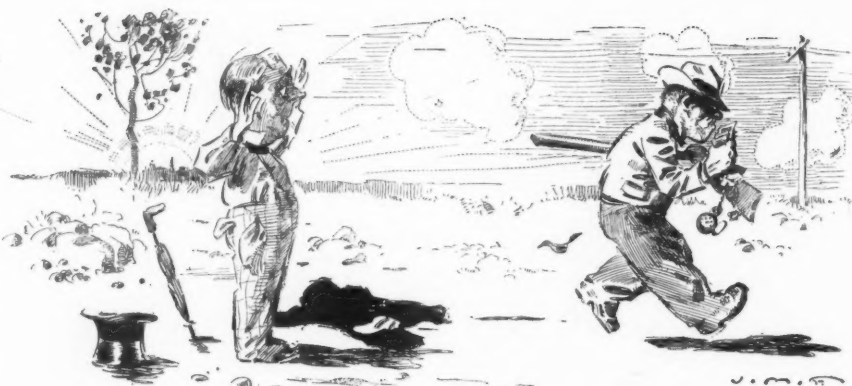


RUDYARD KIPLING'S *Kim* is a most fascinating book and the best picture of native life in British India that has ever been drawn. Artistically complete, brimming with human interest, it is yet without a love theme, and in this age stands out like an oasis in a desert of erotic fiction. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50)

General Russell A. Alger, in his book, *The Spanish-American War*, says that he gives the facts concerning the management of the War Department in the hope that they may serve as an example. We take it that the gentleman means a horrible example. The book is an undignified combination of apology and vituperation. (Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.)

A charming bit of writing may be found in a little story called *Amata*, translated from the German of Richard Voss by Roger S. G. Boutell. When we were children ghost stories were gruesome affairs, but Mr. Voss has invented a new kind. (The Neale Publishing Company, Washington, D. C. \$1.00.)

*The Doom of Dogma and the Dawn of Truth*, by Henry Frank, is a work of little value, typical of the transition



"TOUCH AND GO."

period through which we are passing. It shows considerable research as to the pedigree of dogmas, but otherwise is mostly given to an ornate and rhetorical threshing of old straw. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

*Our Houseboat on the Nile*, by Lee Bacon, is a chatty account of personal experiences refreshingly free from guide-book gleanings. It is well illustrated from sketches by the author's husband. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.75.)

A story of fashionable circles in Pekin, Illinois, called *Jack Racer*, would be very amusing were it a trifle more condensed. It is by Henry Somerville. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

Justice to our readers compels us to hope that the love of fair play will not induce any of them to read *Justice to the Woman*, by Bernie Babcock. A poorer novel it would be hard to find. (A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago. \$1.25.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

#### OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Lonesomest Doll." By Abbie Farwell Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 85c.)

"Galopoff, the Talking Pony." By Tudor Jenks. (Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia. \$1.00.)

"Caps and Capers." By Gabrielle E. Jackson. (Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia. \$1.00.)

"Tennessee Sketches." By Louisa Preston Looney. (A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago. \$1.00.)

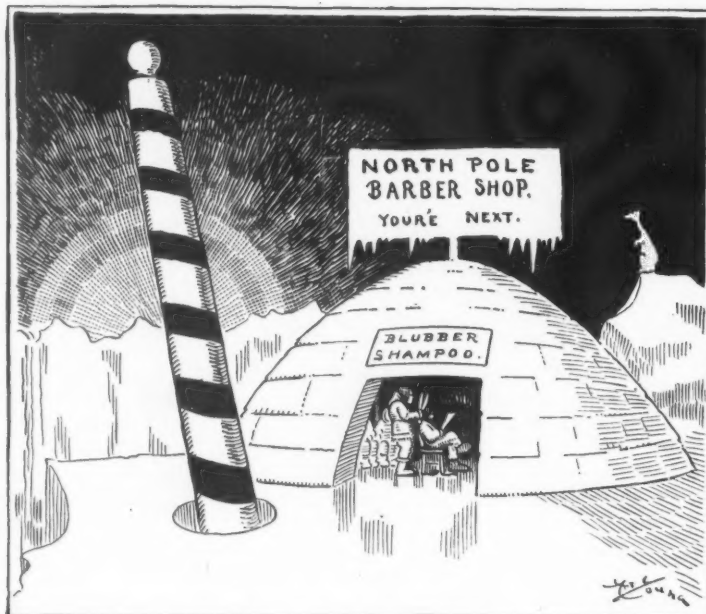
#### An Estimate.

PRINTER: How many copies of that book do you want me to print?

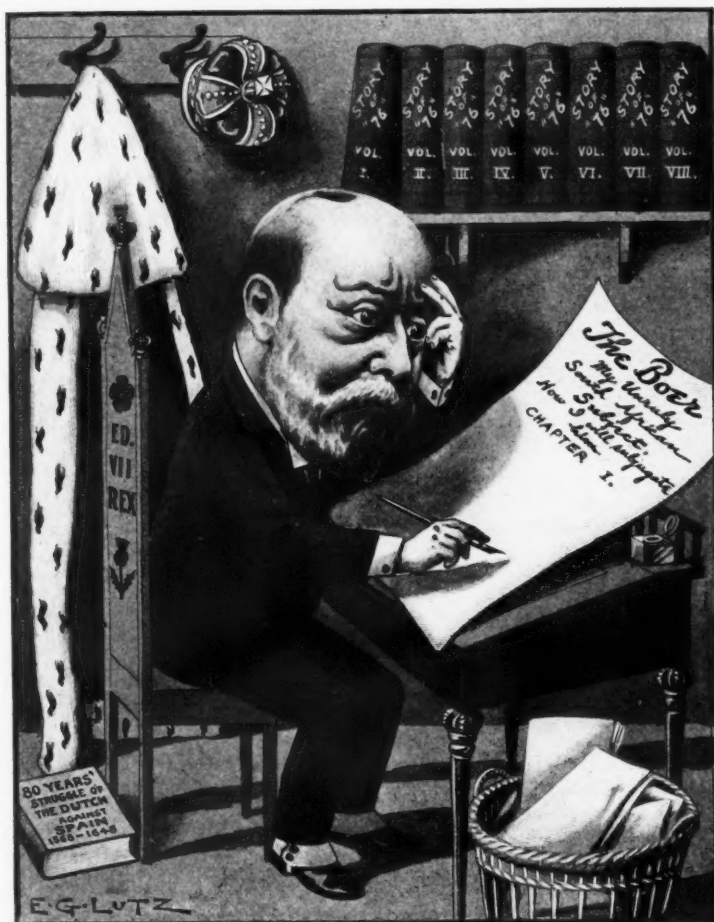
PUBLISHER: Let's see. We are advertising advance orders for one hundred thousand, aren't we?

"Yes."

"Well, print six hundred. Let's see how it goes."



IS SOME ENTERPRISING ESQUIMAU MAKING USE OF THE NORTH POLE?



ANOTHER CASE WHERE THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.

## Life's Anecdote Contest.

LIFE will pay ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the best anecdote, FIFTY DOLLARS for the second best anecdote, and TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the third best anecdote, subject to the following conditions:

- 1.—Anecdotes must not be longer than five hundred words, typewritten, on one side of paper only.
- 2.—No anecdote will be considered that has not been published in some book or volume.
- 3.—There is no limit to the number of anecdotes that can be sent in by any one person. But no single contributor will be entitled to more than one prize.
- 4.—Every anecdote must contain in the upper right-hand corner of the first sheet the title of the volume from which it is copied, the name of the publisher and the date of the publication of the volume. Where date is not given, this should be stated by the words ("No date").

5.—The contributor's name and address should be written plainly on the back of each manuscript.

6.—The anecdotes should be addressed to "Anecdote Editor of LIFE, No. 19 West Thirty-first Street, New York," and should be accompanied in each case by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Otherwise the Editors will assume that in case of rejection the return of the manuscript is not desired, and it will be destroyed.

7.—Anecdotes will be read in the order received, and if there are duplicates, only the first will be considered.

8.—Any period in the world's history and any language can be drawn from, but if from a foreign language, anecdotes must be translated into English.

9.—The following definition from the Century Dictionary will govern the meaning of the

word anecdote as applied to this contest:

A short narrative of a particular or detached incident or occurrence of an interesting nature; a biographical incident; a single passage of a private life.

10.—From the anecdotes received LIFE will publish the best. At the close of the contest the prizes will be awarded to the three contestants who, in the judgment of the Editors of LIFE, have contributed the best three anecdotes.

11.—The contest will close on February 1, 1902.

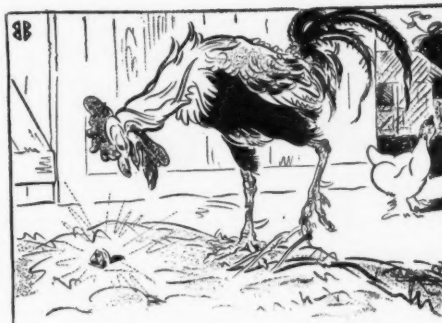
### The Limit.

FIRST EDITOR: I wish we could find some way to increase our circulation.

SECOND EDITOR: I'm afraid this is impossible. We are already printing all the scandals and lies the paper will hold.

SPRING VALLEY, N. Y., Monday.—An automobile driven at a high rate of speed by two men from Tuxedo Park, who took great care to conceal their identity, caused a serious runaway accident on a country road between this town and Tuxedo Park to-day. Their machine frightened a horse belonging to Warden Johnson, of Sing Sing Prison. The animals carried the cart and driver over a fence and through a marshy swamp. The horse was cut and bruised and the cart wrecked, the driver escaping serious injury. The automobilists were in haste to go on their way, but an angry crowd of farmers driving home from a political caucus detained them until horse and driver were taken from the mire. Warden Johnson's horse is worth \$2,000. The driver said the men ignored his signal to go slow.—N. Y. Herald.

THIS incident is but one of many. It has become perfectly clear that the "gentleman" automobilist has no regard for the lives or property of other people. Some time the law may abate the evil. In the meantime every self-respecting citizen who drives a horse should go armed with a shotgun.



A CONTENTED MIND.

The Cock (looking at jewel he has dug up): SEEMS TO BE ONLY AN IMITATION. WELL, THERE'S ONE CONSOLATION: THE RUBBISH HEAP'S REAL, AT ANY RATE!

OF all the woes a poet bears,  
(And they are not a few);  
Of all his troubles and his cares,  
His fits of feeling blue,  
The phrase, "Respectfully declined  
With thanks," beats all the pack,  
And he has trouble on his mind  
What time his stuff comes back.

Ah, yes, there's trouble on his mind  
That few can understand.

Except the fellows of his kind  
Far-scattered through the land ;  
*They* know what fills his life with woe,  
And paints the future black,  
For they have often felt just so  
When their own stuff came back.

Full oft at peace with all the earth,  
The bard awakes at morn,  
His heart is filled with jocund mirth:  
No grief he feels, or scorn ;  
But comes a ring, the postman's there,  
With letter-laden pack,  
And, oh, the poet's deep despair !  
He gets his poems back.

How proudly does he feel when he  
Has labored hard, and made  
Some verse for which he hopes to be  
Quite handsomely repaid.  
How thrills he when he sends it off—  
But, bitter blow, alack !  
How madly does he rail and scoff  
When cat-like it comes back.

**The Current Literature Publishing Company**  
 15 LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK  
 EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.  
 We bind the contents of  
 the volumes  
 is returned with

**Frank Leslie Publishing House**  
*Founded 1855.*  
 103 FIFTH AVENUE.  
 New York.

THE NEW YORK PRESS

THE S. S. MCCLURE CO.  
64-155 E. 55th St., New York

OFFICE OF THE LEDGER MONTHLY

OFFICE OF  
*The SMART SET*  
100 Madison Square

ESS ESS PUBLISHING COMPANY  
1135 BROADWAY  
New York.

EDITORIAL ROOMS  
METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

New York, N.Y.

The Editor of the Herald regrets that the enclosed article which you so kindly submitted is not available for publication

NEW YORK HERALD

Address please to Mr. [illegible] on the [illegible]

the necessity for returning the  
and beg you will not con-  
sistency for use in The Metropolitan  
indication that it is lacking in  
you for your country in grand  
of reading the manuscript

Very truly yours  
THE METROPOLITAN

Don't talk of other people's woes,  
Not one of them compares  
With what the struggling poet knows,  
And grimly grins and bears.  
Let fate set everything amiss  
From now till doomsday's crack,  
There is no grief as great as this—  
To get his poems back.

Perhaps beyond the pearly gates,  
Where bards (and saints) abound,  
And where no fiend of "usual rates,"  
No editor, is found;  
In bliss he will forget the pain  
That keeps him on the rack,  
And best of all he'll ne'er again  
Receive his poems back.

Oh you, to whom these lines are sent!  
Oh man of shears and paste!  
In vain the time on them I spent,  
If made not to your taste;  
They may be limpy here and there,  
And something maybe lack,  
Yet kindly heed the poet's pray'r,  
And do not send them back.

Denis A. McCarthy.

**A** PHYSICIAN, writing to the *London Times* recently, said:

Everything we eat and drink and wear runs the gauntlet of germs to an extent which nervous people had better not contemplate. Far too much fuss is made of them. If we listened to all these scares there would be nothing left to do but get into a bath of carbolic acid and stop there until starvation freed us from the dangers of life.

**W**HEN courtship is over, it is over; when marriage is over, it is just beginning.

### Parallel Parables.

THE TWO YOUNG MEN.

**O**NCE on a Time there were Two Young Men of Promising Capabilities.

One pursued no Especial Branch of Education, but Contented himself with a Smattering of many different Arts and Sciences, Exhibiting a Moderate Proficiency in Each. When he Came to Make a Choice of some means of Earning a Livelihood, he found he was Unsuccessful, for he had no Specialty, and Every Employer seemed to Require an Expert in his Line.

The Other, from his Earliest Youth, bent all his Energies toward Learning to play the Piano. He studied at Home and Abroad with the Greatest Masters, and he Achieved Wonderful Success. But as he was about to Begin his Triumphant and Profitable Career, he had the Misfortune to lose both Thumbs in a Railway Accident.

Thus he was Deprived of his Intended Means of Earning a Living, and as he

had no other Accomplishment he was Forced to Subsist on Charity.

This Fable teaches that a Jack of all Trades is Master of None, and that It Is Not Well to put All our Eggs in One Basket.

Carolyn Wells.

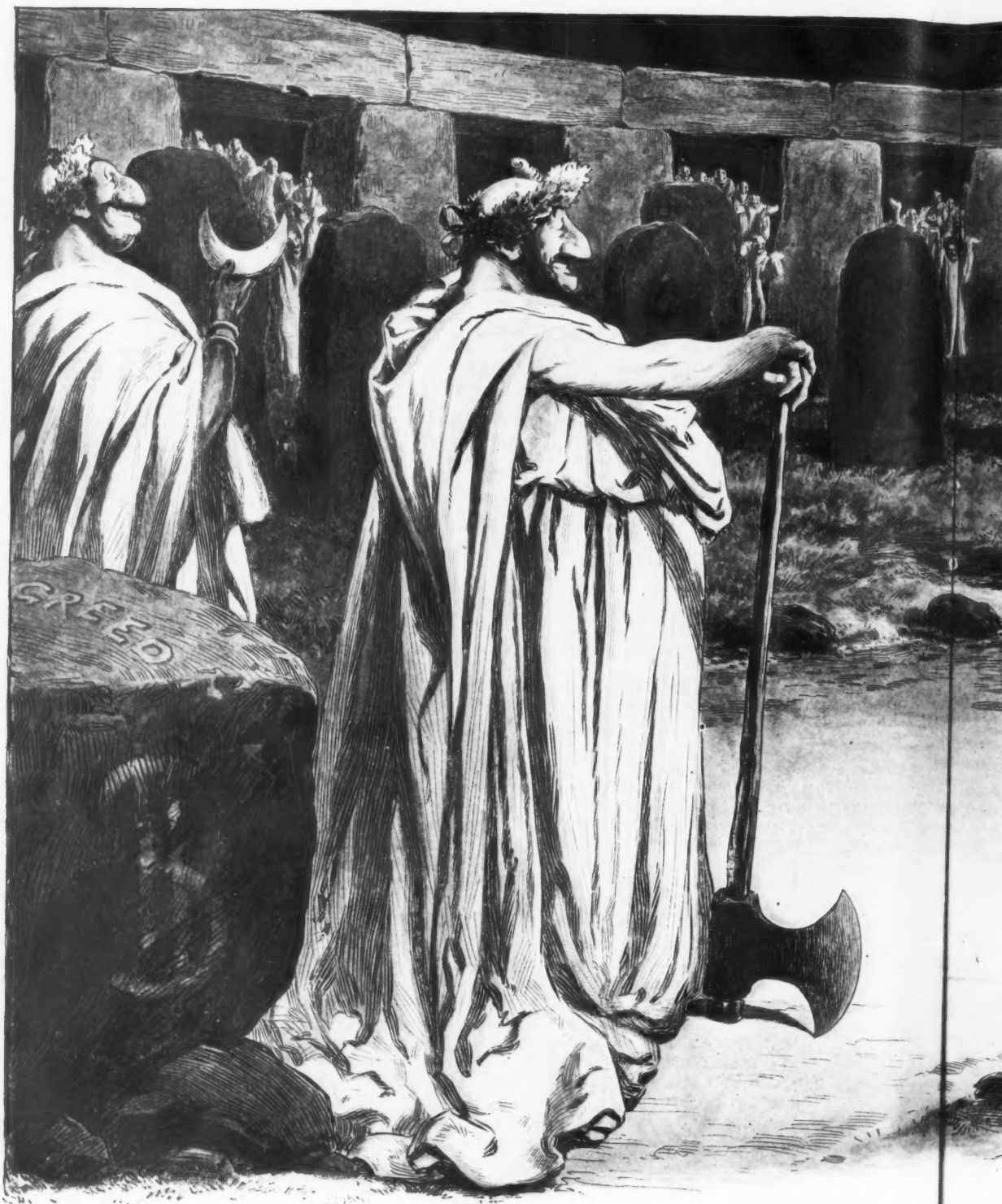


"RUN, AUNTIE, RUN! DON'T YOU SEE WHAT KIND OF AN ANIMAL THAT IS?"



A FOUR HANDED GAME.

THE KING, QUEEN, JACK AND TEN-SPOT.



Copyright, 1907, by Life Publishing Co.

AN IMPRESSIVE PERFORMANCE  
THE AMERICAN DRAMA AS LEAD



EXCESSIVE PERFORMANCE.  
N. DRAMA AS LEADING LADY.



### "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast."



"**E**AR-SPLITTER" is an ordinary expression. "Eye-splitter" is the only term to describe adequately the gorgeousness of the scenes introduced into "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," imported, as to its gorgeousness, from the Drury Lane Theatre, London, and Americanized in many of its songs, lines and allusions by writers and performers of native birth. The whole thing makes a profuse entertainment in which one is almost surfeited with fun, melody, feminine shapeliness, scenic splendor and glittering costumes so often changed for other glittering costumes that one fairly wonders how the human brain and hand could compass so much of effect on the senses in the brief time of an evening's performance.

The story is a combination of the old fairy tales of "The Sleeping Beauty" and "The Beauty and the Beast," better done than most of our burlesques and comic operas which claim plots, but in itself is only a thread on which to hang the main features of the extravaganza. The lines are many of them witty or humorous, the music is excellent, some of the numbers being destined to general popularity, and the scenic and spectacular effects are both artistic in detail and astounding in magnitude.

Stage comedians who are really funny are rare birds and their rarity leads to their usually being exhibited singly. If one comedian is funny, two comedians working amicably together in fun-producing more than double the product. In the present instance we have three of the best of our vaudeville comedians, each doing the best he knows how and spurred on by the efforts of the others. The result is that the joint fun-making of Messrs. Charles J. Ross, Harry Bulger and Joseph Cawthorne keeps the audience roaring until only the intervention of the other features of the piece saves the auditors from side-aches. Among these other features are a spectacular flying-dance by several comely young women in bird costume, who flit through the air with an entire disregard of the laws of gravitation as applied to human beings, and several vocal numbers unusually well written and well sung. In such a wealth of varied entertainment it is a hopeless task to particularize.

We can beat Britain in a good many ways. "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" shows that in this particular line of entertainment we haven't even made a promising beginning.



**T**WENTY-SEVEN thousand dollars, or thereabouts, is the sum of money Mr. E. H. Sothern is said to have expended on the purely material part of the production of "If I Were King." Any one who sees the piece is conscious of a certain sense of reality and solidity, to say nothing of artistic exactness, rarely felt in witnessing stage performances in this country. Among those who design or furnish scenery, costumes, properties and the other physical accessories of



**THOUGHTFUL MRS. HARRIS.**  
ONE NIGHT, MR. S. HARRIS CAUGHT HARRIS  
KISSING HER NEW MAID FROM PARIS.  
"JOHN! PULL DOWN THE CURTAIN."  
"HE CRIED, "OR YOUR FLIRTIN'  
THE NEIGHBORS W APT TO EMBARRASS!"

theatrical productions, Mr. Sothern has the reputation of insisting that everything, without regard to expense, shall be genuine and correct even to the point of unnecessary fastidiousness. His audiences are gainers by this fault, if fault it be. What Mr. Sothern does in this particular in the realization of his undeniably artistic ambitions in other directions is done in spite of instead of by the aid of the Theatrical Syndicate. That organization would never hesitate to let Mr. Sothern or any other artist expend his personality to the point of exhaustion in the service of the Trust, but it must cause a lot of wailing and gnashing of teeth among its members when they see him using real velvet and real silk when cotton-back and silkolene would serve the purpose quite as well from their point of view. The expenditure of that twenty-seven thousand dollars must have caused quite a tearing of beards and waving of hands among a certain coterie of benefactors of the dramatic art.

Metcalfe.

#### LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

*Academy of Music.*—"Arizona," by Augustus Thomas. Western military drama produced on a large scale and worth seeing.

*Broadway.*—"The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast." See above.

*Bljov.*—"The Auctioneer." Study of Jewish East-side life well done by David Warfield.

*Daly's.*—"The Messenger Boy," with James T. Powers in the title part. Musical and amusing.

*Herald Square.*—Dan Daly in "The New Yorkers." Casino production, musical and fairly amusing.

*Garrick.*—Charles Hawtrey in "A Message from Mars." Interesting and well acted.

*Fourteenth Street.*—"New England Folks," by Eugene Presbrey. Rural drama well presented.

*Garden.*—Mr. E. H. Sothern in "If I Were King." Picturesque and scholarly drama excellently staged and acted.

*Empire.*—"The Second in Command," with John Drew as the star. Clean and amusing society comedy.

*Knickerbocker.*—Maude Adams. Notice later.

*Lyceum.*—"A Royal Family," with attractive Annie Russell in the leading part. Amusing satirical comedy.

*Manhattan.*—Mrs. Fiske's artistic mounting of "Miranda of the Balcony." An unusually interesting performance.

*Madison Square.*—"Liberty Belles" Bright and tuneful, with a number of pretty women.

*Republic.*—Grace George in "Under Southern Skies." Notice later.

*Savoy.*—"Eben Holden," with E. M. Holland in the title part. "Gosh darn" drama, moderately interesting.

*Wallack's.*—Last week of "Don Caesar's Return." Old-fashioned romantic melodrama well presented by James K. Hackett.

*Weber and Fields's Music Hall.*—Vaudeville and burlesque at robber prices.

## Life's Board of Inquiry.



**BOARDS OF INQUIRY** are ordinarily organized for the purpose of allowing everybody in the country to give their opinions on a question which everybody is tired to death of.

This is the fatal defect of the common, or garden, variety of Boards of Inquiry.

**LIFE** proposes to overcome this deficiency by a Board that will grapple with real questions of the hour.

It has been arranged that two people, entirely congenial to each other, should go to make up the Board each week, with **LIFE** presiding, in the middle. This week, Dr. Charles Parkhurst and Richard Croker were selected.

The question to be decided was this:

**Has H. H. Vreeland, President of the Metropolitan Street Railway, ever ridden on a Broadway car?**

President Vreeland was the first witness called. Following is the testimony:

The witness was very much agitated. He sprang to his feet as soon as the question was formally read.

"I wish to deny the base insinuation at once," he exclaimed. "Of course I have never ridden on a Broadway car. I am too valuable a man to this community to run such a risk."

**QUESTION BY THE COURT:** You admit that the present system is the most uncomfortable and generally unsafe system that could be devised?

A.: Generally speaking, yes.

"You admit that a man cannot get on or off an open car without imperilling his life?"

"Certainly."

"That when he gets on he has to jump for it, that he is usually carried several blocks past his street before he can get off, and that while he is on the car he is thrown back and forth like a rattle in a box, at the entire mercy of the motorman?"

"Oh, yes."



Mrs. Beetle: SAY, MR. PERKINS, THIS MILK IS BITTER.  
Milk Bug: THAT'S QUEER. I GOT IT FRESH FROM THE MILK-WEED JUST THIS MORNING.

"Then how do you account for such a system as this unless you have ridden on the cars yourself? How could such a system of public discomfort have been perfected, unless you yourself had ridden on the cars and learned to promulgate it by experience?"

**WITNESS (proudly):** There are others connected with me in the management. They have been a great help. Besides, it is not necessary actually to ride to bring about such a system. I can view the general discomfort of the passengers from a distance.

Q.: Then you admit that you have been near a Broadway car?

A.: Yes. But of course the passengers haven't known it. I have always a regard for my own safety.

The next witness now stepped into the box.

Q.: You are a motorman?

A.: Yes.

"Do you enjoy your work?"

"I do indeed. From a boy I always had a thirst for blood."

"And your present occupation enables you to gratify it?"

"Sure. But I hope to do even better than this some day."

"What?"

"I hope to be a chauffeur. Then I can run over people to my heart's delight."

"You know Mr. Vreeland?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever see him riding on a Broadway car?"

All eyes were now turned on the witness, as a sensation was expected at this point. There was a flutter in the court room. The witness wiped his brow—all witnesses wipe their brows when getting rid of a sensation—and replied:

"Once."

"That will do. You can go."

The honorable court now addressed everybody:

"Ladies and gentlemen, it has now been conclusively established that H. H. Vreeland, President of the Metropolitan Street Railroad, has ridden upon a Broadway car. Are there any more witnesses?"

At this point an invalid chair was wheeled in, and another witness signified his intention of testifying. He seemed slightly under the weather, being wrapped from head to foot with flannel bandages.

Q.: Who are you, sir?

A.: I am a citizen of New York.

"You seem indisposed."

"Yes. I have been in the hospital."

"What has been the nature of your trouble?"

"Bronchitis, laryngitis, asthma, tonsillitis, quinsy, loss of breath, pains in the back, chills, fever, constant cough and double pneumonia."

"How did you get these complaints?"

"By riding, of course, in a Broadway open car."

"But you are an exception."

"Oh, yes. The others are underground."

"And you wish to testify?"

"No. In the interest of truth, I merely wish to have that motorman recalled. He testified that he had once seen Mr. Vreeland riding in a Broadway car. This is an insult to Mr. Vreeland. Ask the motorman how he came to be there."

The motorman was brought back. By this time there was not a dry eye in the court room.

**QUESTION BY THE COURT:** Motorman, you have testified that once Mr. Vreeland rode on a Broadway car. Explain the circumstances.

A.: It was in the roundhouse. He was trying a new fender—

one that was just high enough from the ground so that if it caught any one, the victim couldn't escape.

Q.: And that's the only time you know of?  
A.: It is.

The Board then went into secret session, and, after some sifting of testimony, the following findings were announced:

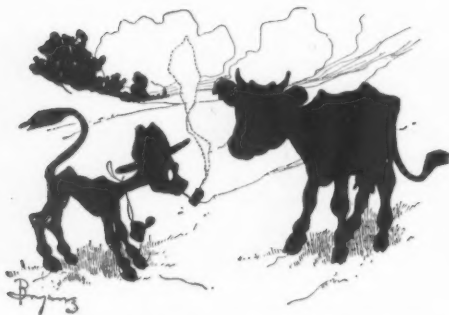
1. That H. H. Vreeland, President of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, is hereby exonerated from the stigma of ever having ridden on a Broadway car.
2. That the testimony that bronchitis, laryngitis, pneumonia and other diseases are constantly contracted on Broadway open cars be stricken out; as, should it be brought to Mr. Vreeland's attention, he might order still more open cars put on.
3. That a statue of Mr. Vreeland be immediately erected and put up over Hell Gate.

"HICKORY, dickory dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock"  
Of the stocking, and then  
He ran down again  
When he found it was only a sock.

T. B. S.

### An Apt Pupil.

WHEN the A.'s went to California they rented a small furnished house and engaged a Chinese man of all work. The house was well situated and tastefully furnished, and Wing Lee proved to be a good cook, clean and respectful. As soon as the A.'s were settled the neighbors began to call, and it was then that the fact was discovered that Wing was absolutely devoid of any ideas as to the ushering in or out of guests. So one morning the ladies determined to instruct him. Providing him with a tray, Miss A. went out, rang the bell, was shown into the parlor, and



*Prodigal Calf: MOTHER, I HAVE RETURNED. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH KILLING THE FATTED SON FOR ME?*



waited while the calm celestial carried her card to Mrs. A. This performance was repeated several times until the ladies were quite satisfied that Wing was perfect in his rôle.

That evening at half past eight the bell rang. Wing scuffled majestically to the door, while mother and daughter hung breathlessly over the banisters to watch the result of their teaching.

They heard a gentleman's voice ask if the ladies were at home. They saw Wing present his tray and re-

ceive a card with an air which made them mentally pat each other on the back, and then they saw him draw a card from his sleeve ("Mine," gasped Miss A., "the one we used for the lesson"), compare the two carefully, and returning his to the astonished guest, with a bland "Tickee no good, can't come in," calmly shut the door in his face.

BEAUTY is the capital of a maid; capital, the beauty of a man.



FARES!

"PLEATHE, THIR, CHARGE IT TO A. THEE HAWLEY. I'VE THWALLOWED MY MONEY."



An old woman entered a savings bank the other day and walked up to the desk.

"Do you want to withdraw or deposit?" asked the clerk.

"Naw, Ol doant. Ol wants to put some in," was the reply.

The clerk pushed up the book for her signature and said:

"Sign on this line, please."

"Above it or below it?"

"Just above it."

"Me whole name?"

"Yes."

"Before Ol was married?"

"No, just as it is now."

"Ol can't wroite."—*Cambridge Tribune.*

THERE is, in a certain town of Massachusetts, a theatre built directly over a canal. The draught which blows from this waterway up to the stage is the cause of many a sore throat and aching tooth. Mr. Joseph Haworth, the eminent player now with us for so short a time, was giving "Hamlet" in this breezy structure, and everything went well until the graveyard scene.

The Queen, in a nasal tone, said "Sweeds do the sweep," and threw her paper flowers into the grave. The next moment the audience was convulsed with laughter, for the roses, instead of falling where they belonged, were lifted straight into the air by the draught coming from the grave.

"That breeze from the lower regions certainly made a hit," said Mr. Haworth.—*News-Letter.*

"Pa, what's the first requisite of a patriot?"

"That he belong to our party."

—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

SOME years ago, when Booker T. Washington went to Alabama, the colored people were taking considerable interest in politics, and they were very anxious that he should become one of them politically. One man, who seemed to have been designed by the others to look after Washington's political inclinations, came to him on several occasions and said, with a good deal of earnestness:

"We want you to be sure to vote jes' like we votes. We can't read de newspapers very much, but we knows how to vote, an' we wants you to vote jes' like we votes." He added:

"We watches de white man, an' we keeps watching de white man till we finds out which way de white man's gwine to vote; an' when we finds out which way de white man's gwine to vote, den we votes 'xactly de other way. Den we knows we's right."—*Exchange.*

As the daily train reached a Vermont village the other day, an antique-looking dame thrust her head out of the window opposite the refreshment room and briefly shouted:

"Sonny!"

A bright-looking boy came up to the window.

"Little boy," she said, "have you a mother?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you go to school?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And are you faithful to your studies?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you say your prayers every night?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Can I trust you to do an errand for me?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I think I can, too," said the lady, looking steadily down on the manly face. "Here is five cents to get me an apple. Remember, God sees you."—*Boston Courier.*

FRESH from a reading of Mr. Bram Stoker's "Dracula," Andrew Lang insists that "the rules of the game of Vampire ought to be printed in an appendix." As far as he can make out, the leading rules are as follows:

(1.) Every vampire, all day, must lie in 'consecrated ground. He can be stumped when in his ground, not when out of it.

(2.) All day a vampire is off-side.

(3.) No vampire may enter a house uninvited.

(4.) No vampire may cross salt water, except at ebb tide and full tide.

(5.) Every person bitten by a vampire becomes a vampire. (This rule strikes at the root of morality.)

(6.) No vampire can vamp a person protected by garlic. (The peasantry of Southern Europe always smell of garlic, perhaps as security against vampires.)

(7.) A vampire staked through the heart with a sharp piece of wood, is out.

(8.) Every man should stake his own young woman if she is a vampire.—*Exchange.*

"CHARLEY, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "there is one favor I want to ask you. I hope you will realize it is for your own good and not get angry."

"What is it?"

"I want you to solemnly promise me that you will never bet on a horse that isn't going to win."

—*Washington Star.*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

Established 1823.

**WILSON  
WHISKEY.**

**That's All!**

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,  
Baltimore, Md.

Perfect Ageing, Perfect Purity,  
Perfect Flavor

combine to make

**Hunter  
Baltimore Rye**

The Charm of Hospitality  
and the tonic of health.

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Manhattan Theatre B'way & 34th St.  
New York.  
**MRS FISKE**  
and her company in  
**MIRANDA OF THE BALCONY**  
Every Evening at 8:20. Saturday Matinee at 2:15.



Ex Dry 1893

Brut 1892

**Duminy Champagne**

Codman & Hall Co. Agents for the U.S.  
Boston, Mass.

**Arnold  
Constable & Co.**  
Women's Wear.

Faced Cloths in the new Fall  
Shades.

Zebelines and Fancy Mixed Suitings,  
Venetian and Cheviot mixtures,  
Golf and Riding-habit  
Cloths.

**Broadway & 19th St.**

NEW YORK.



**WE  
PAY  
POST-  
AGE.**

All you have guessed about life insurance may be wrong. If you wish to know the truth, send for "How and Why," issued by the PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.



Registered Trade Mark.

## Hemstitched Luncheon and Tea Cloths.

**\$8.00 to \$25.00**

Among the newer goods we have some with colored borders in novel designs and colorings—a conventionalized floral design in green, and a pink and green combination being particularly effective.

These sets (cloth and one dozen napkins) are priced at from \$12.00 to \$25.00.

The serviceable, all-white sets are still the most used, and in these we have a splendid assortment at prices ranging from \$8.00 to \$50.00 a set.

Doylies, Centerpieces, and fancy linens of all kinds, hemstitched, embroidered, or lace-trimmed, in large variety.

Mail orders have prompt attention.

"The Linen Store."

**James McCutcheon & Co.**

14 WEST 23D STREET, N. Y.

**Redmond, Kerr & Co.**

DEALERS IN  
HIGH GRADE  
INVESTMENT  
SECURITIES.

BANKERS,  
41 WALL ST., N. Y.  
Members  
N. Y. Stock Exchange.

Issue Travellers' Letters of Credit

Available Throughout the World.

# "A KNOCK AT THE DOOR"

By CHARLES DANA GIBSON



"A KNOCK AT THE DOOR" is a picture of an episode in the life of two lovers. The two figures are drawn in Mr. Gibson's most characteristic style.

It is specially printed by hand on imported Japan paper, 11 x 11, and is matted ready for framing.

Each proof is signed personally by Mr. Gibson.

You can secure the signed proof only by sending \$5.00 for a new subscription to LIFE for one year. The drawing will not be sold or reprinted. It is for the exclusive ownership of our subscribers. At the expiration of this offer the plate will be destroyed.

New subscribers will receive for five dollars a year's subscription to LIFE and the signed proof, which can be secured in no other way.

LIFE PUBLISHING Co., 19 West 31st St., New York.

"In Central California."

## SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

This is one of the most productive valleys in all the State of California and is rapidly being developed. Stockton is to the San Joaquin Valley what Los Angeles is to Southern California. By any route you want to take for California, you can start best over the

### NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

and their connections. Only four days between New York or Boston and the Pacific Coast.

A copy of No. 21 "Four-Track Series," "Round the World in 60 Days," will be sent free, postpaid, on receipt of a postage stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.



"You can depend on that man's keeping his promises," said the close political adviser.

"Yes," answered the practical politician, "but which promises is he going to keep. those he makes to me, or those he makes to the voters?"—*Washington Star*.

SEA CAPTAIN: Waiter, what do you call this?

WAITER: Bouillon, sir.

"Well, well, I must have sailed on bouillon all my life and did not know it."—*Meggendorfer Blatter*.

MAID, WIFE OR WIDOW,

Bachelor, husband or widower, all find telephone service useful at all hours of the day. None who values comfort, neatness and despatch can afford to be without it. Rates in Manhattan from \$5 a month. New York Telephone Co., 15 Dey St., 111 West 38th St.

BRIDEGROOM: I don't see anything of your father's ten-thousand-dollar check. He promised it, didn't he?

BRIDE: Yes; but he saw that your father had already given us one, and he knew we didn't care to have any duplicate presents.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"What would you do if you had a billion dollars?"

"Oh," answered the languid man, "I don't see why I should expect to prove any exception to the rule. I would probably go to one of the usual extremes, and either buy yachts or else walk to save carfare."—*Washington Star*.

A DINNER accompanied by Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry is complete. See that you have it.

BISHOP PHILPOTTS, of Exeter, once went to stay with a friend in Devonshire.

"It's a beautiful place, is it not?" remarked somebody upon his return.

"Yes," said the Bishop, "it is a beautiful place; if it were mine, I would pull down the house and fill up the pond with it. That would remove two objections."—*Argonaut*.

"If the war continues," groaned the British peer, "we shall run out of metal."

"For making guns for the men?" asked the friend.

"No; for making medals for the officers."

—*Chicago News*.

DELETTREZ, PARIS, VIOLETTES CELESTES is a most delightful odor in high-grade Toilet Soaps and Perfumes. Manufactured and popularized in Paris by Deleltrez. Now for sale in this country by your druggists. Ask for it.

"No, I'm not very well impressed with the house," said the prospective tenant. "The yard is frightfully small; there's hardly room for a single flower bed."

"Think so?" replied the agent; "but—er—mightn't you use folding flower beds?"—*Philadelphia Press*.

"What is your idea of a man of honor?"

"A man of honor," said the French nobleman, throwing out his chest, "is one who will pay his wine bills and card debts, even if he has to marry in order to get the money."

—*Washington Star*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

MRS. T. TOTALER: My dear, I do not think it is very appropriate for you to wear that wine-colored silk to the W. O. T. U. Convention.

MRS. T. TOTALER: Oh, but it is watered silk, you know.

—*Baltimore American*.

## School of Bookbinding for Ladies

SCHLEUNING & ADAMS, 256 West 23d St., N. Y. City.

Bookplates Designed and Engraved. Artistic Bookbinders  
Send for Prospectus

## DESIGNING ART WALL PAPERS

and the craft of making them is well exemplified in the "Nuremberg," a German Renaissance decoration by Chas. E. Kinkaid, and printed by the PITTSBURGH WALL PAPER CO., NEW BRITTON, PA. A quaint, but inexpensive paper for halls and dining-rooms. Ready in December.

"when you do drink, drink Trimble"

"Here's to our Sweethearts and Wives;  
May our Wives always remain our Sweethearts  
And our Sweethearts some day become our Wives."

A pure rye,  
10 years old, aged  
by time,  
not artificially.

# Trimble

Whiskey  
Green Label.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

Sole Proprietors,  
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,  
Phila. & New York.  
ESTABLISHED 1793.

## Going to California

You see Indian pueblos, ancient cliff-dwellings, towering peaks, petrified forests; also Grand Canyon of Arizona, more than a mile deep.

The California Limited, daily Chicago to San Francisco and Los Angeles. Our travel books about California and Grand Canyon, 10 cents.

## Santa Fe

Gen. Pass. Office, A. T. & S. F. R'y, Chicago.

APACHE  
NEW MEXICO

ED. PINAUD'S

VIOLETTE PEINE  
FRENCH-CARNATION PINK

Latest Parisian PERFUMES

1 1/2 oz. bottle, postage prepaid upon receipt of \$1.50.  
ED. PINAUD'S IMPORTATION OFFICE, 46 E. 14th St., N. Y.

Full measure—  
No short bottles of

## Old Overholt

Bottled in bond—  
Absolutely pure.

A. Overholt & Co.  
Pittsburg, Pa.



M. V. ENDIS

DISAPPOINTED.

"IT'S A SWINDLE. YOU KIN SEE RIGHT FREW IT. PLINE GLAWS. IN CAWSE E'D GET PINCHED IF 'E 'AD A REAL PICTOCHER OF VENUS."

—Moonshine.

The Art  
of  
**Palatable**  
Desserts  
Is perfected in

**RAMONA**  
and  
**ATHENA**  
*Sugar Wafers*

Made in  
two flavors  
**Chocolate**  
and **Lemon**  
NATIONAL  
BISCUIT  
COMPANY

It is Summer all Winter  
in **CALIFORNIA**

Golf, Tennis, Polo, Coaching, Riding, Driving,  
Fishing, Hunting, Boating, Bathing

**Every Day in the Year**

TAKE THE

**"SUNSET LIMITED"**

(Palatial Hotel on Wheels)

Superb Equipment

Fast Time

Leave New York TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS,  
SATURDAYS

Apply to **SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.**

339 Broadway, or 1 Battery Place, New York

## PRIZE COMBINATION OFFER

**LESLIE'S WEEKLY, JUDGE, STANLAWS' GIRLS**  
and **ZIM'S FUNNY PICTURES** ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

**ALL FOR  
TWO DOLLARS**

### \$1 for Leslie's Weekly, The Greatest Family Newspaper

LESLIE'S WEEKLY is a great, beautiful magazine, published once a week instead of once a month. Its pages are crowded with all the best things that go to make up an ideal paper for the business man and home folks. It prints every week one or more short stories by the best writers of this country and Europe, illustrated by well-known artists. Its short serial stories are the best that can be obtained. It reports the conditions and prospects of the stock market and the general financial and business outlook. It prints portraits of and anecdotes and gossip about men and women who are in the public eye, and the current news of the day is discussed and illustrated in the most interesting way. No dry rot, but everything of general interest presented in a pleasing style and spirit. LESLIE'S WEEKLY is a clean, wholesome illustrated history of our times.

It will be sent as a regular weekly visitor for four months, as a trial, for only \$1.00.

### \$1 for Judge, America's Greatest Cartoon Weekly

JUDGE never fails to make a weekly visit to every American town in which people know how to read and laugh. He burnishes their cares with the honey of an A-1 gilt-edged optimism and makes their troubles fly like golf balls over the green. With a convincing 18 carat philosophy, peculiarly his own, he puts all appreciative fun lovers on better terms with themselves and causes the looked for sheriff to become a dissolving view.

With Hamilton, "Zim," Gillam and Flohri, as his big four, JUDGE is quite certain that he is a big four color cartoon gallery unto himself. This is the quartette of genius whose pictures make all people shake with laughter, until they are well shaken after JUDGE has been taken. This is the kind of "shakes" that quinine can't stop.

JUDGE is also conducive to health and longevity, inasmuch as he shakes superfluous fat off the corpulent and puts adipose tissue on the scrawny! He is also better than clam juice for the dyspeptic and is an unique salad for the solitary, as well as a banisher of all kinds of woe and, so to speak, a mental and moral healer and general all-round mortgage raiser.

JUDGE is as clean as a whistle, as sweet as a bon-bon, as pure as a sea breeze and as clear as a crystal spring. He is a symphony and a joy who hangs up his hat in every house that loves unadulterated fun. In short he is a weekly Santa Claus that for four dollars a year makes every patron feel like a millionaire from bonnet to bootsole all ready to have a smile with him.

### \$2 for both and Stanlaws' Girls and Zim

For \$2.00 we will send you both JUDGE and LESLIE'S for four months, and also the unmounted series of eight Stanlaws and "Zim" pictures. They are reproductions in colors of drawings of beautiful women, as portrayed by Stanlaws, and of characteristic water-color studies by the most famous of caricaturists, "Zim."

We have only a small number of unmounted sets remaining and subscriptions will be filled in the order in which they are received as long as they last.

Department A

**JUDGE COMPANY, 110 Fifth Ave., New York**



"MY WIFE IS THE MOST EXACTING WOMAN I EVER SAW."  
 "IN WHAT WAY?"  
 "SHE'S GOT TO THE POINT NOW WHERE I HAVE TO LET HER KNOW THAT I KNOW  
 THAT SHE IS MANAGING ME, OR SHE ISN'T SATISFIED."

**LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE**  
 THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE.

Beware of Imitations.

All successful cooks use Lea & Perrins' Sauce to get the most delicious flavor for soups, fish, meats, gravy, game, salads etc.

SIGNATURE ON EVERY BOTTLE

*Lea & Perrins*  
 John Duncan's Sons, AGENTS-NEW YORK.

It's just as easy  
 to get the  
 best—

All dealers  
 have Evans' Ale  
 and Stout



"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."  
 —Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

**MARTELL'S  
 THREE STAR  
 BRANDY**

AT ALL BARS AND RESTAURANTS.

**Pears'**

soap in stick form; convenience and economy in shaving.

It is the best and cheapest shaving soap.

Sold all over the world.

**HARPER  
 RYE**

**USED EXCLUSIVELY**  
 By Prudent People for Self-Protection.

If local dealers cannot supply it, address the distillers,  
**BERNHEIM BROS., Louisville, Ky.**

Always insist upon having

**ABBOTT'S ORIGINAL  
 Angostura Bitters.**

C. W. ABBOTT & CO.,  
 Baltimore, Md.

**3 GOOD THINGS!**

A STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS ARTICLE,  
 A GOOD DEMAND FOR IT,  
 AN APPRECIATIVE PUBLIC.

All of which comes from dealing only in the best  
 values and telling nothing but the  
 truth about them.

**OLD CROW RYE**

is a Straight HAND-MADE SOUR MASH Whiskey,  
 and has never been equalled.

**GOLD MEDAL Awarded at Paris, 1900.**

**H. B. KIRK & CO.,**

Sole Bottlers, NEW YORK.